





## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

## ESAU, THE RED.

DE REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

All along the line of history we find men whose famous exploits, or well-known characteristics, or notorious crimes have given them a new name in the midst of their manhood. For instance, Charles the Bold, and Charles the Pretender; Napoleon the Great, and Napoleon the Little; Aristides the Just, and Nero the Tyrant.

Such names are also found in scripture history: Simon Peter, or Simon the Rock; Jacob Israel, or Jacob the Prince with God; Esau, Edom, or Esau the Red.

The French make pictures on a surface no larger than a pin head, that represent sometimes a whole city, sometimes an extensive landscape. And so with that name, "Esau, the Red," in a single word of three letters, gives both the picture and the history of Esau. It may have had some slight influence in getting him this name, that he had red hair, the outward type, then, as now, of a free, frank, ready, reckless, impetuous disposition. This fact also has something to do with the partiality of his father. The reason assigned for his favoritism, that he liked his son's venison, can be only a partial one. If it were the essential reason, then the son who sold his birthright for a morsel of meat, would be only a faithful imitator of his father's example.

But there was a deeper reason for Isaac's preference. We have all known of many strong friendships that have arisen between persons seemingly opposite in character. The timid admire and love the brave, and the brave often choose the timid as friends. The quiet and unobtrusive person is often likely to select as a friend, one who is active and demonstrative. The sedate and careful person is linked in friendship with one who is bold, reckless, and merry.

Such was the attraction between Isaac and Esau. Isaac was very timid, quiet, retiring; Esau, brave, reckless, and active. Their attraction was that of opposites. But the real basis of the name, "The Red," was the incident alluded to in the passage, "Lest there be any profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright." (Heb. xii. 16.) Esau sold his birthright for a morsel of red pottage, "therefore was his name called Esau," the Red. (Gen. xxv. 30.) The incident is a familiar one. Jacob having inherited the quiet, timid nature of his father, dwelt in tents, and devoted himself to agriculture; and, one day, after his work in the garden was over, he cooked a dish of red pottage, similar to our bean soup, for his next meal. While he was preparing it, doubtless his shrewd, cunning nature led him to thoughts about his brother's birthright, and his consequent superiority and advantage; for he who had the birthright inherited most of the father's property and the father's honors, and in this case also an especial covenant blessing. He planned with himself how he could secure this priceless treasure.

As he was planning he lifted up his eyes and saw Esau, returning from the hunt. When he went forth, his eye was bright, and his face full of reckless energy, and his step quick, and every movement agile, and his hair and hunter's garb indicated a careless freedom. But he came back unweary and weary with his rambles, and with an appetite sharpened by exercise and excitement, and seemed like the person who would care little for anything but his present wants.

The smell of the red pottage reached him. He cried eagerly, "Feed me with that same red pottage, for I am faint." The shrewd mind of Jacob saw the chance for a great bargain. He understood his advantage, and was determined to use it to the utmost. As mercantile men would express it to-day, he made a "corner" in pottage. What was the price he put upon that dish of soup? A fair sum of money? An exchange for venison? A guarantee of protection? A week of service? None of these. He dared to say it: "Sell me this day thy birthright." That birthright, with all its inheritance, and honors and blessings in prospect, for a morsel of meat!

Of course Esau will not for a moment think of such a bargain. But he does care more for present gratification than for future good, and, as an excuse for his action, begins to depreciate his birthright. "Behold, I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright be to me?" So he gave his glorious birthright for a morsel of pottage, and sealed the bargain with a solemn oath.

Nahant was sold by the Indians for a coat; whole counties have been sold for a flask of rum, or a string of beads, or a box of tobacco; but these were fair bargains, compared with this exchange of Esau's.

Put it in the list of disastrous bargains: Eden in all its glory and beauty, sold for a gratification of appetite; Joseph, a prospective prince, sold for twenty pieces of silver; the victory of his countrymen sold by Achan for a wedge of gold; the blessing of God sold by King Saul for a few fat cattle which he pretended were spared for sacrifice; the benediction of Heaven which was bestowed upon Israel when the tithes were brought into the storehouse, sold for those tithes, which were kept back by Malachi's time; Christ's presence sold by the Gaaraens for a few swine; the truth and God's blessing sold by Ananias and Sapphira for "a part of the price" of their land; blackest of all, the Redeemer of the world sold for only ten pieces of silver more than Joseph brought.

What mad, disastrous bargains are these? And yet they are repeated all around us. The nearest reproduction of Eden is "the innocence of childhood." When the child first sins and gives up that "innocence" for some sinful indulgence, Eden is sold once more for an apple.

We sometimes see insects beating their wings against the glass of a window until they are worn away, and they can fly no more. So, as we see children uttering the first vulgar and profane words, putting between their lips, or down their throats that which shall injure them, or doing what they know to be wrong, we say, "They are wearing away their wings, they are selling their Eden."

When a man takes an unfair advantage of his neighbor for his own gains, even though he break no law, he is "verily guilty" of selling a man for silver. When a Christian in God's army lets his love of money hinder the progress of Christ's victories, it is Achan again selling his people's interests for a wedge of gold. When a man acquires property by some questionable means, stock gambling, or dishonest dealing, or the sale of injurious articles, and then gives largely to churches and hospitals, it is Saul again getting the fat cattle in disobedience to God, with the pretense of giving them for sacrifice. Obedience is better than large gifts, and to hearken to bestow ill-gotten gains upon the Church. When a Church withholds the money which is God's due, and neglects to bring its tithes as well as its prayers into God's temple; when a man does not consider a promise of money to God's cause as binding upon him as his tailor's bill, and his grocer's bill, and his butcher's bill, then we see the state of things of Malachi's day repeated—the tithes withheld, and spiritual famine through all that Church, or through that man's soul. When a man prefers to have the gospel's influence withdrawn from his community, or the onward march of the missionary cause stayed, rather than make any sacrifice of his own property, surname him "the Gadarene."

When the professed followers of Jesus, bearing the name Christian, and thus saying to the world, "All I have, and I hope, and all I am, belongs to God, and is subject to His will," when they keep back a part of the consecration, they are repeating the ruinous bargain of Ananias; when for sinful pleasure or worldly gain, a man injures or neglects the cause of God, he is selling Christ again for the world's perishing silver.

All that the world can give, the gold of all its mines, the honors of all its empires, the pleasures of all its banquet halls, by the side of heaven and immortality, are but a "morsel of meat" compared with a heavenly birthright. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Because Esau despised his birthright, he is called a "profane person."

[To be continued.]

## NEW BOOKS.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

The book we can commend the most highly of any of the issues of the season, is "The Higher Ministry of Nature," more wisely called "The Great Problem," by John R. Leitch. Both titles are fanciful, and neither expresses the real character of the book, which is actually a very vigorous discussion of modern theories of science, as compared with the true theory of nature disclosed in revelation, and confirmed by his own teachings. It begins a little heavily, but soon grows interesting. Its handling of the leading views of Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley, is very fresh and powerful. Never have we seen them so acutely and thoroughly exposed. It gives extracts from them and theirs too abundant, it almost seemed at the start, but it soon gets free from their utterances, and sweeps out on its own chosen way, a grand defense of the gospel and the Word of God. It accepts all the later teachings of science concerning evolution and force, commends Darwin's sagacity, Spencer's gift of generalization, Huxley's eloquence and learning, and then shows how they destroy themselves. It approves of Paley's argument from design as still unanswerable, condemns Hamilton's and Mansell's theory of God unknowable, and commends Stuart Mill for overthrowing that error, even though the idea he favored is too material to endure. It defends the individual against the absorbing whole of Pantheism, and the personal God against a personless law. It shows how Darwin's will-less law created a willful being: "No Will has evolved Will." "The Hebrew myth," as Spencer calls it, is equalled or surpassed in incredibility. No will has evolved human will. Of the two myths, which will men prefer? I prefer the "Mosaic and Biblical, to the Darwinian." It puts it yet stronger: "What evolved or made thought and reason in me? That which has neither—that which is nothing. Thus no thought has evolved my thought. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, has been the world-ruling apothegm; but it is false, for here behold, *Ex nihilo aliquid, ex nihilo Deus!*"

It is very sarcastic on Darwin for putting natural and sexual selection in place of God, both of which are myths that he cannot himself define. It claims that Darwin should have the prayer-book changed, and instead of "We thank Thee for our Creation and Preservation, and all the blessings of this life," it should read, "We thank Thee for our Evolution, for our Natural Selection, and all the blessings of Sexual Selection." But Darwin has no one to thank save these three names, "These

being their blind force blindly operating."

It rises into a stirring eloquence sometimes; as, for instance, when thus describing Man in his relations to space: "He is an atom, an invisible atom, if there were but one man, but he is above all things a 'thinking atom.' He is an atom that thinks himself through all space—that floats in a sunbeam, yet, while floating, studies the beam, measures its brightness, assigns its several colors to their places, goes far up with the beam to its parent sun, traces light to the remotest planets, resolves rays into spectra, experiments and finds constituent metals in orbs many millions of miles distant from himself. His first home is a little cradle, his last a narrow coffin; but in the interval between these, man is the king of space. His first cries reach only his mother's ear; his last, only the ear of his faithful friend; but meanwhile he has laid long wires in the chambers of the deep, and sends his will and his words across the world."

His discourse on Death is faithfully put. He shows how man alone fears death before it draws near—that this is unnatural—that only Christian love overcomes it. It defends the resurrection, without describing it. It is likened, where most essayists fail, to dust of gold; "Golden dust never ceases to be gold; it may be uncoined, rasped down, rolled away amidst millions of grains of desert sand; but it is still the dust of gold, and never loses its nature or value. The same dust of gold may be regathered, and recoined, and stamped with the image and superscription of the King of Glory." Some of its analogies are yet happier, as when it shows some insects always remain larvae, because they never pass through the resurrection crises. So must man be a groveling earthworm, but for the resurrection. It shows how nature, rightly read in the full light of modern science, teaches most Christian and biblical truths, and opposes none. We commend its pages to the troubled reader, and especially to the Christian teacher. It is a *vide mecum* of facts and arguments, and sound conclusions.

A little book is the Gladstone's (not the Prime Minister's) Life of Faraday. Yet it naturally follows the elaborate defense of Christianity in nature, for this brilliant chemist lived and died a devout believer, a ruling and teaching elder in his Church. At his dying he rejoiced in "the exceeding great and precious promises, and rested sweetly in the Word of the Lord. Would that all scholars were as devout as Faraday! But scholarship, like everything else, religion included, has no necessary connection with orthodoxy. It may be scientific and not Christian, but it cannot be scientific and anti-Christian. Faraday shows how one can be the highest of scholars, and be the most orthodox of Christians. This bit of a treatise should be in every youthful hand."

Mr. Nordhoff, a traveler of the Ulysses type, puts California into pictures and print of a taking sort, just such as the Harpers like to publish, and everybody likes to read. As Willis said of George P. Morris, "he stood breast-high with the people, and his songs floated off to them naturally," so his picturesque books are eminently readable by the common people. This tells us what to see, and how to see it; gives information about farming, and describes California fruits, and how to raise them. It is just the book to put into your carpetbag if you are going to the Golden Gate, or desirous to go.

"Around the World," by Dr. Prime, is another of the same sort. The graceful editor of the *New York Observer* took a run round the world. Seventy-five days is the allotted space for a Yankee; Dr. Prime, being connected with that conservative sheet, stretched it out into a year. He went with the sun, leaving New York August 1st, made all his connections promptly, saw the sights, and said the say, and came into New York by the time appointed. He is an animated writer, who sees clearly, and points what he sees. Many are now rolling round with the year and the earth. They will find Dr. Prime a good guide; and many who do not go, will enjoy him none the less. Why should not such books as this replace the weak fictions of our Sunday schools? They will, sometime.

Kindred with this, is "The Desert of the Exodus," written by Mr. Palmer, of Oxford, after a faithful tramp over that wilderness of eleven months, almost half the time the Israelites took in crossing it; for they probably did not go far back into the wilderness when they refused to enter Canaan; they hung along her borders, getting acclimated before they made their second and successful invasion. This work gives photographic views of the contending summits and vales of the Sinai Mountains, including to that which bears the name of the original hill of the law—no Jebel, nor Mousa, nor any other rival being allowed the pre-eminence. He does not make the desert so desolate. Feiran is a fine valley, and other spots could make a pleasant itinerant home for the people. Moab, a district fifty miles by twenty, is a rich country. The narrative is an advance on Robertson and Stanley, the two who are the best till now of the describers of the Desert. It clings to the Scripture, and shows how new light breaks forth from the Old Word as every new step is taken by human enterprise in the line of its utterances.

Rev. Mr. Murray had an enthusiastic hearer, who keeps photographic notes. These notes are published in elegant style, by Lee & Shepard, under the title, Words Fitly Spoken. They give us the best side of this popular preacher.

They are orthodox enough to suit his like popular rival, in Tremont Temple, across the way. They set forth the justice of God, the atonement of Christ, the abundance of His love and yearning, in true gospel phrase. His talks on Heaven are especially alluring. Some of them are repeated word for word, as that on New York—a slip of the types that should be corrected. If Mr. Murray sticks to this sort of preaching, he will have no trouble with creeds or deacons, except such as he will be able to bear. He has a little sense of the importance of Boston, Park Street, and Congregationalism, that is pardonable in a Bostonian of that order and spot. But it does not run away with him. Especially comforting are his passages on the beyond. They have good common sense which too many elegant sermons lack. They recognize human nature as undying in its affections, if abiding in purity. Measures will be upheld by his *sursus corda*. His words will not weaken truth and Christ, which are one, and will therefore strengthen his own fame.

Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," concludes our list. It is a tribute of years, comfortable to him that reads and to him that wrote. A Quaker of 1680 testifies against slavery, and Whittier testifies for the Friend. His verse is a Pennsylvania of the valley, not the mountain type; slow and calm and sweet, a pretty psalm of quiet life and duty. It is not so vigorous as his ice pageant that follows, which rings like stirring music, and shows that a New England winter, after all, better fits its spirit than a Pennsylvania summer. He prefers yet to walk—

"When keen against the walls of sapphire, The gleaming tree-bells, ice-embossed, Hold up their chandeliers of frost."

And he breaks out exultant:—"I walk the land of Eldorado, I touch its mimic garden bowers, Its silver leaves and diamond flowers!"

What miracle of weird transforming Is this wild work of frost and light, This glimpse of glory infinite.

This foregleam of the Holy City Like that to him of Patmos given, The white birds coming down from heaven; Yet he begs for spring in this glare of death.

For the white glory overcomes me: The crystal vision of the seer Of Ebla's vision blinds me here.

I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom, And warm air thick with odorous bloom: Shine warmly down, thou sun of noon time On this chill peasant; melt and move! The winter's frozen heart with love.

Come with thy green relief of promise, And to this dead, cold splendor, bring The living jewels of the spring."

How would he love the land where the orange is ever in bloom? The new South may give him this new heaven, ere he touches the banks of the river where leaf doth not wither. Having released it from more than icy fetters, he should enjoy its perpetual spring.

## Our Social Meeting.

Perhaps the following thoughts may call into our circle of communicative comers, some whose faces are not often, if ever, seen there. Let's see. "W," talks straight on to his purpose, as will be seen:

DO YOU MEAN IT, BRETHREN? We read the preamble and resolution passed at the late session of the New England Conference, in relation to the pre-arrangement of appointments, with interest. And now we beg leave to ask of those who framed and instigated that resolution, if you mean what you say. The "unanimous vote" means nothing whatever, coming as the matter did at the close of the session, with no time for discussion, and passing by a very small vote.

We know that the great body of the members of the Conference, "will hereafter discourage all such proposed arrangements," because the authorities pay little heed to the larger part of the pre-arrangements; but do you mean that you have ever been in the habit of looking out for yourselves in this connection? There are always a few ministers who know beyond doubt where they are to go; and some societies who have the man selected, in some instances publishing their choice in the daily papers. But the rank and file of our ministerial corps live in blissful uncertainty regarding the issue.

Now, brethren, are you honestly intending to "submit the whole matter of arranging the appointments to the authority of the year?" If so, every minister will thank God most sincerely, and give utterance to a long and loud Amen. But if it is only an outburst of regret at the unusual trouble caused at the late session, which will be forgotten ere the time comes for another adjournment, let us know it truly. Either give every Church the privilege of choosing its man, and every minister the privilege of providing for such a choice, or else abandon those bargains altogether. Which is it to be?

Of how many hearts is not this mental photograph an almost perfect duplicate?

I WAS BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE. I was born in Greensboro, Vt., March 27, 1802. My parents were pious Congregationalists. At an early period I departed from their Christian teaching and godly example. At the age of 18, being an apprentice boy in Middletown, Ct., I had become addicted to profanity, Sabbath-breaking, and almost every species of wickedness. In April, 1820, that venerable man of God, wonderfully eloquent preacher, and successful revivalist, John Newland Maffit, came to Middletown. He had come from Ireland the preceding year, and after a few months spent in New York, his steps were directed to Connecticut.

His extraordinary gifts were soon discovered, and he was appointed by the Presiding Elder to New London circuit. His popularity was so great that he could not be confined to a circuit, and he was allowed to go where duty seemed to call, and labor as an evangelist. He formed a sort of circuit of three of the principal cities of Connecticut: New Haven, New London, and Middletown. He would go to one

of these places, preach three times on the Sabbath and every evening until the last of the week, and then telling the pastor and brethren they must keep up the work in his absence, he was away with flying speed to the next place, leaving the city in a blaze of revival.

When he first came to Middletown and preached on the Sabbath, my father and I were present. He told me that he had heard a great preacher at the Methodist Chapel, and asked me to go with them in the evening, and hear him. I had become so hardened in sin, and it had been so long since I had entered the house of God, that I refused to go until Thursday evening. The first words I heard him utter, his looks, the tones of his voice, and his persuasive eloquence were like barbed arrows to my heart. My wicked companions perceiving my seriousness, laughed me to scorn, and persuaded me to go with them to a drinking-saloon. I yielded, to my shame, and went with them. The grieving Spirit returned, and the next Sunday night I went to the altar for prayers. Monday evening, in a prayer-meeting, the brethren seeing my awakened state, asked me to tell my feelings. It seemed to me it would be presumption to do so. But then I reflected, these are the children of God; they would not advise me wrong; it can do no harm to me to do good. I arose with trembling, and with a faltering voice told them I felt that I was a great sinner, and asked their prayers. That moment I felt a change; my burden was gone, and I felt like singing with the brethren and sisters. But the enemy said, you are not a Christian; it would be wrong for you to join these good people in their songs of praise, and I did not sing. I went away from that meeting mourning because I thought I had lost my conviction. The next Saturday morning I found my mind with the determination that I would not eat nor sleep until I had found the Saviour. I obtained leave of absence, promising to make it up by working the Fourth of July, retired to a wood, and spent the day on my knees in prayer and reading the Scriptures. I found relief. In the evening I attended class, and received a clear evidence of pardon. Then, while receiving for the first time with gratitude the food necessary for the body, my soul was feasted with the bread of life.

## THE IDEAL PRAYER MEETING.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LECTURES.

HINDERANCES.

You never can make people feel by scolding them because they don't feel. You never can make anybody feel by saying, "feel." [Laughter.] Feeling is just as much the product of causation as anything else in the world. I could sit down before a piano and say, "A, come forth," and it won't. [Laughter.] But if I put my finger on the key, it will, and that is the only way it ever will come forth. The human soul is like a harp, and he that wants a particular note has but to put his hand on the key and it will vibrate; and this is the very business you are going out into the world for—to learn human nature so that you can touch the chords. If I want to make you weep, I would not tell you an amusing story, but I would if I wished to have you laugh, because that story has a relation to laughing. If I wish to make you weep, I shall speak to you of something pathetic, that has a sympathetic relation to the feeling. Charge yourself, "If this people are to feel, I, the instrument of the Holy Ghost, am to be the cause of it, by applying to their minds such treatment as stands related to the production of feeling. If they don't feel, it is because you don't speak well. If they do, it is because you are a master of your business."

So, then, here is where you come to the folly of exhortation—men exhorting each other from day to day to feeling and duty, without presenting any new consideration, without filling the mind, the imagination, without any fuel which is to kindle into light and warmth. Mere exhortation is as if a man should go down the street saying, "O, money, money, money! come to me!" No, it won't come to him ordinarily. Or as if a man should go to his studies in any direction, and invoke mathematics, but it don't come by invocation. As you gain these things by applying the cause that produces the effect, so then you must do this in this matter, and you will have success just as the Spirit of God dwelling in you kindles your soul, to that power, that perception of truth, that sympathy with it, that knowledge of men, for the sense of God brings the sense of human nature, for both live in the same plane, and he that has one will be very apt to have the other. They both train together, and if you have the power of producing sympathetic feeling, it will be because you apply the necessary cause to that effect. Nothing is so barren, so unprofitable, as urging men to feel, when the shorter way is to make them feel. Make them feel!

Among the hinderances I must mention one other thing. I mean the motions and millers that will be there to fly around your candle when you kindle it. It is almost impossible that a meeting should be held in a room where there is, but that there will come out very disagreeable results. I have had my cross to bear in this matter. It seemed as though I never was to be left without a thorn in the flesh—without something in the prayer-meeting disturbed about every meeting. Well, I don't know why a prayer-meeting should be exceptional to every other part of life. Perfection don't belong here; every sweet has its bitter, every rose has its thorn, every prayer-meeting has its humors. [Laughter.] You must make up your mind to it. You must not be too fastidious. To give you the biographical sketch of all the persons who would have spoiled prayer-meetings for me would keep you here all night. [Laughter.] I have one in my mind now, I used to say, occasionally, as brilliant and appetizing sentences as I ever heard, and yet I never heard him make an address in the world that he didn't mar and endanger the meeting. It was the occasional preaching that he made were inconceivably bad. I recollect once that a

meeting was almost spoiled, if anything could spoil it; a good meeting, cannot be spoiled if it has got good men and standing—but I recollect once of my saints of exhortation in a meeting of mine, when we had been dwelling on the life and sympathy of Christ with those that were feeble and striving after a higher life under manifold difficulties, and what great consolation there was in going to Him for help. The whole atmosphere of the meeting was sympathetic in Christ Jesus; and this man gets up—just at the end, too, when I was congratulating myself that I had got it safe out of the clutches of everybody—and he says, (he had very red hair), "Why, brethren, I sometimes feel as if I could put my red head in Jesus' bosom!" [Great laughter.]

Well, what could you do? Nobody could take up the thread of discourse after that. You could never go back. What could you do? By the grace of God, nothing!—[renewed laughter]—but very patient nothing, very meek nothing, very quiet nothing. It is a good idea, therefore, to build your meeting out of such stuff, and have such a spirit of courage inspired in your people that they will not be thrown off their guard by any slips of this kind. The meeting will be too tough. I had an old, white-headed man, I never knew his name nor cared to, but when he came down after him, he came and always acted—I remember seeing a horse which my father had bought, and which ran away the first day he was put in the carriage, and the next day he was sold to the stage company, and when I rode down after him, the first time, to Bethlehem, he carried the stage all the way down, and would leap from side to side and do all the pulling—this white-headed man was just like that old brachy horse, and he would rush away with this meeting in this direction, and you never knew where you went. He had fervor, and his prayers had a perfect gulf stream in them, both for speed and heat. For a few meetings I thought I had got a great prize; but after a few more, I found I had a shark in the net, and it was anything but edifying.

Well, I had another one of these men to whom was committed the perseverance of the saints. He would talk for an hour, and not get out six sentences. He would get up and exhort the young men not a bit faster than the old men. I would follow up what has been said by our beloved pastor." (Here Mr. Beecher mimicked the drawing tone.) At that rate, you may imagine, precious time flowed in the meeting. And then I had another man who used to assume to be more oratorical in position, and introduced a little narrative, and every man was on tip-toe of expectation, and it all went out. There wasn't anything to it. There was no nub to it. And he would sit down with an air, and wipe his mouth as if he had had a good dinner. [Laughter.] Now, what are you going to do just exactly as we boys used to do when we fished off the bridge in Boston. We sometimes caught little perch when we wanted them, but we could not get them, and the little perch would sometimes steal the bait, and the big fish would not get the chance, and we renewed the bait and got what big ones we could, and let the perch bite. You have got to do so, too, but you must have your meeting tempered to throw off such things and survive them. And this I may say also in respect to another point—fastidiousness in regard to the quality of that which is said by men who have got good sense and good feeling at the bottom, but have not the art of polite delivery. I have heard men say, "I wish nobody would speak but the pastor; it is such a comfort to hear him, but when so and so gets up—it is well enough; but dear me, what grammar!" Now, fastidiousness is one of the devil's imps, that he sends to preside in prayer-meetings. The moment your grammar and literature is a stronger thing to you than the substance and thought and feeling of an honest man, that very moment there is mischief in the room. Brethren, a man may get up, and what may be said may come to him in the most oratorical manner, and comfort you, and never do the Church one half as much good as to have a new man who never spoke before, but who has experience and hopes—a young man, raw and bashful, who shakes on his feet, and to whom it is a great effort to get up, who makes a staggering speech, in which his love for God is the simple feature. That is worth more than the finest effort of the old member. You have found another man: you have got some new material. It is more important to rescue from the outside and to build up in the Church than to have the gifts exercised that are already in it. You are sure of them; they are already safe.

But the Church by the addition of just such men grows strong. The prayer-meeting that runs in particular lines must be made catholic and broad. No prayer-meeting is truly Christian in the largest sense, that is not large enough to have every theme discussed, and alluded to in it that exercises, under God's providence, the hearts of any of his people. I have persons who come into my prayer-meeting to talk perfectionism. I believe in it, though I think it is adjourned until after the present sphere. [Laughter.] And I am afraid my folks are going to get too perfect, or perfect at all, and I let them talk on if they want to, and encourage them. There are some persons who don't believe in falling from grace, but if there is a brother that has fallen, and wants to talk about it, I let him. If there is any joy, if there is any sorrow, if there is any doubt, if there is any skepticism, if there is any unbelief what you say said last Sunday in your sermon, if there is any disposition to open the heart, let the words come out. Young men! become very much attached to those that don't like you. Those that do, will be your worst enemies generally. They won't tell you your faults. They will let you grow up into a little god, let you be a lump of sugar. The brethren will stir you up in their tea; they will talk about "their beloved pastor," and all those little sweet phrases that do not do you half as much good as some old or young man's plainness. If there is broad-mindedness in the meeting, get it out. Anything but regulation dullness in a prayer-meeting. Meetings must not always be orthodox necessarily. You know whales take in vast bodies of water and spit it all out, but keep the many animalcules for the food that is in them; and three fourths of our preaching is all spiced with such things that remain with everybody, and there is in a Christian community and in the Church, a kind of appropriating instinct, and a carefulness and excessive caution, that seems to me on the side of effeminacy, not on the side of large,

manly strength, that has in it safety, power, and endurance.

Next week we are to have Mr. Beecher's "Helps."

## Our Book Table.

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor, with Map and Numerous Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is a capital volume, in one of the most profitable and interesting series of books, now so amply provided for young people. It is one of the publishers' "Library of Travels," and is a comprehensive digest of the voluminous works of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker, and others, upon the hitherto unexplored and mysterious central regions of Africa. It is full of incident and adventure, which will readily win the attention of young readers, and aid in creating a better taste than that developed by the flimsy religious novels which crowd the Sunday-school library.

YEAR-BOOK OF NATURE AND POPULAR SCIENCE FOR 1872. Edited by John C. Draper, M. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Who can keep space with our lightning age? Our scholars and inventors are never quiet. What wonders a year develops! Dr. Draper, than whom scarcely another American scholar is better prepared by tastes or studies, has sought, in this very serviceable volume, to gather up and classify the steps of progress in the world's civilization for the last year—its advance in chemistry, geology, astronomy, social science, education, and mechanical arts. The volume is very comprehensive, and arranged with such simple illustrations, that its contents may be readily found.

THE FOREIGNER IN FAR CATHAY, by W. H. Medhurst, H. B. M. Consul, Shanghai. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is a remarkably sensible and seasonable treatise upon China and the Chinese, by a cultivated Christian layman, who has had practical experience, and peculiar opportunities for studying the customs and things about which he writes. It is not a history of China, or a portraiture of manners, habits, and customs, but a plain talk about the most vital points of interest in relation to the present condition of the Chinese, their estimation of foreigners, the effect upon them of foreign legislation, the result of the labors of Roman Catholics, and Protestant missionaries, the probabilities of progress in this ancient and crowded realm. It considers also the best measures to bring the Chinese into harmony with the nineteenth century, and into amicable relations with the Christian nations of Europe and America. It is a very readable and suggestive little volume.

THE MAN WITH THE BOOK, or, The Bible Among the People. By John Matthias Weyland. New York: Nelson & Phillips, Boston: J. P. Magee. Much more has been accomplished in the cities of England by Bible readers than with us, although in New York city several excellent women are employed as missionaries in this capacity. What a grand opportunity we have made when wisely and affectionately read, and how, under strange circumstances, opportunities may be found to read to profit, in the presence of poor, or sick, or even vicious persons, the Word of God, is delightfully shown in this peculiarly interesting and profitable little volume.

The new poem of Bayard Taylor is sure of a place among the best poetry of the last few years. It gives the richest picture of a well matured mind. Written with simplicity, but with a wealth of description, and a vivid, lifelike realism. LARS: A Pastoral of Norway, is well worthy of its gifted author.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Hitchcock & Walden have published, in excellent taste, THE BLACK HORSE AND CARRIAGE, or, Outdoor Sports and Indoor Thoughts, by Rev. H. H. McCarthy, A. M. This volume is full of quiet humor, and wisdom, entertaining and instructing the reader at the same time. It is an admirable family volume, treating of grave practical subjects of present importance and pertinency, and written in an attractive style. BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: A Series of Letters to a Young Married Couple, by Julia C. R. Dorr, gives plain, direct, practical counsel to those just opening upon their new united life. If such persons would read it aloud to each other, and meditate upon its kind advice, the family life would be enriched a hundred-fold. ANNETTA; or, The Story of a Life, by Margie S. Hughes, is an affecting record of a self-sacrificing life devoted to the care of an invalid father at the expense of her own education, and finally of her health and life. It is a well-related and touching tale. The above books are all for sale by J. P. Magee, Boston.

The Congregational Publishing Society has issued several volumes, particularly handsome in their style of publication. FERN GLEN; or, Lillian's Prayer, by M. H. Holt. An English story of family culture among quiet young children. It is attractive and instructive. "Will of the Wench," or, What We Can Do, teaches what young people can do for the sorrows of others, and how to overcome their own faults, in a good book. SUNDAY EVENINGS AT NORTHCOOK, by Geo. E. Sargent. This is a republication from the pen of the cultivated author of "The Story of the Pocket Bible." The evenings of the Lord's-day are rendered profitable by affecting illustrations, in story, of Christian duties and examples. ONE OF THE LARGEST; A Story Founded on Fact, by S. Russell Sherman. This affecting record illustrates the certain harvest that always follows the seeds of kindness. It is well written, and wholesome.

NEW MUSIC.

From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Wands' Ave Maria, in Latin and English; Dean's Trio, "Hark! it is the Saviour's Voice;" Campanella's "Joyous Reapers;" Rubenstein's "Turkish March;" Jensen's "Will of the Wench;" Fraed's "Confession Words;" Wilson's chorals, "Now Upon the First Day of the Week;" Thomas's "Violets Blossom Where;" etc.; Dolby's "My Love, He Stands Upon the Quay;" Hay's "Guide Us to Rest;" Sullivan's "None but I Can Say;" Meyerbeer's "Torchlight March;" Concone's "Turkish March;" Jensen's "Will of the Wench;" Strauss' "High Life;" Obed's "Gondola;" H. P. Pierce's "Go Forth, Said the Master;" Elkmeier's "Spitfire;" Jungmann's "Eldin Dance;" French's "March of the Boston School Regiment;" Deems's "Ave Maria;" "The Children Have Met;" Thomas's "Eldin Allanna;" Cooper's "He Marks the Sparrows' Fall;" Coulbards' "The Tryst;" Goldell's "My Soul Watch for God;" Ludwig's "Sweetly Sing, Ye Little Birdlings."

From G. D. Russell & Co.: Dana's "Little Commodore, Wreck of the Atlantic;" Lebert and Stark's "Romance;" composed and graded expressly for the Stuttgart Conservatory (Germany); Mene, Radersdorf's "Little Baby's Gone to Sleep;" Dana's "The Robins are Calling for You;" Downs' "When I am Dead," song; Talkensteln's "Ave Maria;" "Stella."







## HERALD CALENDAR.

East River Conference, at Damariscotta.	May 15
Board of Theology closes	May 28
School of Law	May 28
College of Music	May 28
Theological Examinations	May 28, 27
Fall River District Conference, at First Church, Taunton.	June 2-4
Providence District Ministerial Association, at Woonsocket, R. I.	June 9, 10
Hamilton Camp-meeting begins Tuesday.	Aug. 19
Sterling Camp-meeting.	Aug. 26-30

## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1873.

## THE HOUR FOR EFFORT.

In view of the numerous and particularly brutal murders committed of late in the city of New York, by persons rendered frantic through the use of alcoholic beverages, certain leading physicians of that city have united in a somewhat remarkable series of resolutions, considering the source from whence they come. Such well-known names in the profession as Edward Delafield, Willard Parker, A. Clark, James Anderson, E. R. Peaslee, C. B. Agnew, Stephen Smith, Alfred C. Post, Eliza Harris, Elsworth Eliot, J. R. Leaming, and many others of nearly equal celebrity, have joined in issuing the following expression of opinion:

"1. In view of the alarming prevalence and ill-effects of intemperance, with which none are so familiar as members of the medical profession, and which have culled forth from eminent English physicians the voice of warning to the people of Great Britain concerning the use of alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, members of the medical profession of New York and vicinity, unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that when prescribed medicinally, it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility.

"2. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our cities and country.

"3. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and National—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art, and mechanism."

Eliza Harris, M. D., so honorably known throughout the country for his connection with the medical bureau during the late war, who has for two or three years held the position of Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, has delivered several public addresses within a short time, showing the result of his personal examinations among the criminal classes, as revealing the fact that the use of stimulating liquors is the efficient cause of crime and of a vicious life, in a great proportion of cases.

When such men as these are moved to express themselves, it is very evident that there is a substantial occasion for it. They see, from the nature of their profession, calling them among the highest and best fortified classes in society, how this evil is seriously growing upon the community, with all the light that has been thrown upon the question during the last half century, and what it forebodes to the next generation, unless some adequate remedy is provided. Sometime since, Mr. Parton wrote his memorable magazine article, entitled, "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" Unless some powerful social reform should break out in circles not heretofore generally reached by our temperance agencies, the question can be as certainly, as it is painfully, answered. As our children are now trained, in many circles of our social life, they will inevitably drink wine, and all other kinds of alcoholic liquors. From the inherited appetites which they are receiving, although they will not by them be inevitably and helplessly made drunkards, they will have so powerful a passion for stimulating drinks, and so weak a conscience and force of will to resist the desire, that the strong presumption will be against their living temperate lives.

The constant positive efforts which were put forth twenty-five years ago among young persons, to prejudice their minds against the use of spirituous drinks, and to fortify their resolution to utterly and always refuse it as a beverage, have largely subsided; and, even among the friends of the temperance movement, too much reliance has been placed upon the preventive power of legal enactments. The moral force of the total abstinence reformation is by no means lost upon the community, although it is somewhat weakened. The overwhelming results of physiological examinations; the gathering of columns of unquestionable statistics showing the amount of capital wasted upon poisonous beverages; the fearful expense to the community in the shape of poverty and crime incident to the sale and use of alcoholic drinks; the terrible annual human loss of life, exceeding all casualties and natural diseases, occasioned by the same vice; the various public and secret organizations established for the cure of the evil; and the open discussions incident to the effort to secure the aid of law to relieve the community of this frightful scourge, have served to educate the public conscience, and to make it more or less sensitive upon this subject. Still, all the time, this unappeased appetite for stimulants, and the opportunity which it has given to a selfish and inhuman trade to expand and enrich itself more rapidly than in legitimate forms of business, have tended to prevent these indirect measures from becoming very serious barriers against intemperance

in the community. As in the religious world, revivals in this moral enterprise have been necessary, simply to hold the ground that has been gained.

No thoughtful person can fail to see that we have reached an era when a general reformation in this direction is indispensable. Not simply are the ordinary crimes, and the usual results of ruin in business and poverty in the family, to be seen at the present time, but the most violent and brutal offenses are multiplying. Men are dying by their own hands, beating the life out of the bodies of their long-suffering wives and children, shooting each other in saloons and in the public streets—all through the maddening poison of alcohol. When the men that have thus hurried their fellows, without warning, into eternity, come to their senses, and express proper penitence for a act committed in an hour of temporary insanity, our pity is not a little moved toward them. But how much more rational and merciful would it be for the community to save both victims—one from an undeserved death, and the other from the crimson stain of murder!

A little public sympathy is now sought to be created by the stoppage in business of certain large beer manufactories, and the temporary loss of employment on the part of several thousand workmen. Setting aside the folly of this sympathy, in view of the misery and poverty which the work of these establishments occasions, the whole result in loss to one form of trade by the late additional prohibitory statute in the interest of economy, good morals, purity, and piety, will not be so serious as one season of mechanical strikes like the one now inaugurated in Rhode Island and in New York. How much both the manufacturers and the workmen are losing; yet, this does not seem to impress the public as the shutting up of a few large beer establishments appears to do. One is a real loss; the other temporary, but an actual gain to all concerned.

Now let the magistrates of our city and State have the open countenance of every man who has the well-being of society at heart. Let not the law become weak "through the flesh."

Let public sentiment be concentrated and expressed in every possible manner. This is an hour when moral force gives an additional power to law, and when the law can be magnified and made honorable by the support and sympathy of all "good-will men."

No hearts are broken, when drinking saloons are closed. On the corner of Third Avenue and Ninety-second Street, New York, (the latter street running down to the mad whirl of waters among the ledges of rocks in East River which bears so expressive a name), a saloon-keeper has enticed his larger-beer hall, *Let Gale Saloon*. It was unintentionally and singularly appropriate. To close such gates is one of the most humane and merciful acts that a Christian State or city can perform.

## MAINE CONFERENCE.

A ride along the valley of the Androscoggin and the Kennebec rivers in Maine suggests an almost indefinite expansion of the manufacturing business. Thrifty villages, rapidly growing into cities, are springing up near the successive falls and rapids of these rushing streams. They are independent of coal for power; the inexhaustible resources of the lakes from which these rivers issue, as well as the water shed along their channels, give them a full current throughout the year. "We do not expect long to be the second city in Maine," said a demonstrative citizen of Lewiston to us, as he saw us wondering over the startling and picturesque falls, and the immense volume of water that rolls over the dam, after affording more than an adequate supply for the scores of great wheels that keep thousands of spindles and saws in motion, and gazing also upon the immense piles of brick mills and fine stores lying the streets of the city, and the many church-spires rising up among them. "We have nearly reached Portland in population, and we do not intend to stop." At Augusta, on the Kennebec, the Sprague has been beguiled from Rhode Island by the magnificent water power proffered them at the State Capitol of Maine, and are beginning to line the river with their handsome brick mills, exhibiting here their characteristic style of architecture. At Waterville, on the same river, the rushing rapids and mechanical shops divide the interest in this remarkably inviting village, with the fine suite of college edifices forming Colby University. As we stopped a short time at the station, we were pointed out the brave young lady, who alone, first of all, has availed herself of the opportunity just afforded to the sex, of admission to the college classes. At a late examination she won the second prize. Success to the courageous girl!

A marvelously uncouth Indian name, Seabegan, designates one of the most vigorous towns upon the Kennebec, and here we found the Maine Conference in session last week. The town lies on both sides of the river on the rapidly ascending hillsides, its comfortable farm-houses and elegant residences finding the most eligible and beautiful sites. The town has a population of four thousand. The river divides in the centre of the village, flowing around a small island, upon which the Congregational and Methodist churches, a fine school-house, a few residences, and a number of manufactories are situated. The passage of the river is here scooped out of the heart of the mountain, the rocky walls rising from thirty to one hundred feet on either side. Theodore Hill says: "God sent a thun-

derbolt through the everlasting rocks, and opened a passage for the river in the middle of the mountain." The falls here are weird, abrupt, and powerful. The waters roar and surge as they rush over the rocks, and hasten down into the deep gorge, white with rage from the impediments they have met, and the narrow passage into which they are compressed. The logging business has been one of the great sources of wealth to the citizens; saw-mills and axe-manufactories have gradually grown up around this great water power. Moosehead Lake, from whence the Kennebec issues, is fifty miles above the town, and the stream is now full of logs floating down from the lake to the market at the mouth of the river.

The Methodist church, in which the Conference meets, is a large and handsome semi-gothic building. The Conference numbers about one hundred and fifty. The old men with glowing white heads, themselves as tall as stately cedars of Lebanon, and as fragrant as the cedars in heavenly odors, are conspicuous here. They live good old and vigorous lives among these mountains. The Conference opens pleasantly. Bishop Haven has made a very grateful impression, and is universally spoken of with respect and esteem for the quiet rapidity and order with which he rushes through the routine business, and for the dignity, simplicity and spirituality of his addresses. Said one of the older members to the editor: "He is certain to be one of our most successful and useful Bishops"—to all of which we add, Amen! The brethren of the Conference have limited their anniversary meetings, and added to their religious services. They are determined, with God's blessing, to spiritualize the Conference. There is an extreme into which they may fall in this direction. The anniversaries are vital to the general interests of the Church. These should not be given up. The Holy Spirit can be breathed into them, and they made to become choice means of grace. The prayer-meetings were very spirited. The Educational service on Thursday afternoon was particularly interesting. Dr. Upham earnestly and eloquently, and with good success, as the collection shows, advocated the claims of the New England Education Society, and Rev. Mark Trafton, in an inimitable speech, to the great delectation of the audience, recounted his early struggles for an education, and his experience at the Readfield Academy.

Our correspondent in another column will give all the details of the Conference.

## THE METHODIST QUARTERLY.

The April number of this periodical comes to our table freighted with nutriment for both the intellect and the heart. The first article, on the Unity of the Physical World, is from the pen of Dr. Winchell, Chancellor of the Syracuse University. The rare combination of a poetic imagination and a mathematical genius, which shone forth in his college exercises, has fitted the writer, not only for accurate scientific research, but also for the charming and popular presentation of its results. Like Caesar, Dr. W. cannot only fight victoriously, but make splendid commentaries on his own triumphs. The present article shows what might be styled the solidarity of the sciences—that each is linked with all the circle, and all conspire to prove that the entire physical universe is bound together by the wide reaching bands of law. Putting under contribution optics, astronomy, geology and chemistry, and subsidizing the telescope and the spectroscopic, this eminent scientist demonstrates that the cosmos was constructed by one hand, and is directed by one mind. This paper will be read with profit by all who wish to find a well arranged, yet condensed statement of the latest results and inferences in the physical sciences. Should the multiplied duties of the Chancellorship prevent the free use of his pen in the future, our Church literature will sustain an irreparable loss.

The second paper, by Rev. Lewis R. Dunn, is a review of Bishop Foster's work on Christian Purity. All the prominent points of the book are presented with discriminating, and generally, appreciative criticism. Although this book has been more than a score of years before the public, we deem this review very timely. There is in all the churches a hunger for instruction in the deep things of Christian experience, and there are many incompetent teachers; hence the especial importance of directing attention to such works as Dr. Foster's, in which the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian Perfection is stated with all its proper defenses and safeguards. Our preachers, many of whom are too reticent on this vital theme, will not be in danger of preaching heresy or fanaticism while following the guidance of a writer who, for his theological erudition and soundness, has been elected by the Bishops to the presidency of one of our Theological Seminaries, and by the voice of the Church has since been called to the Episcopacy. The fact that two of our newly elected Bishops were long known as authors of books advocating the experience of perfect love as a distinct attainment, is a sufficient answer to the charge that the Methodist Episcopal Church is disposed to abandon this glorious doctrine, styled by Wesley "the grand depositum" which God has lodged with the people called Methodists, and, for the sake of propagating this chiefly, He appeared to have raised them up."

The Land of the Veda, by Dr. W. Butler, is fittingly reviewed by Dr. J. W. Waugh, of our India Mission. The review of this first literary fruit of this

young mission is prefaced by a glance at the history of that ancient land, especially the three great religious systems which have prevailed there. In the structure of his book, Dr. Butler was embarrassed by the attempt to unite a description of the land and its people with "Personal Reminiscences of India," so that the work is neither wholly history nor personal narrative, but a mixture of both. The book is highly commended for the great amount of information it contains respecting the present condition of that vast multitude of human souls for whom Christ died, and for whose salvation the churches of all lands are making noble efforts. The statistics of the mission in India are said to have cost the author almost as much labor as all the 540 pages of the book. It is commended to all lovers of the missionary cause, especially to those who wish to make the missionary concert interesting and profitable. Let parents who wish to inspire the missionary spirit in their children, supply them plentifully with such reading as this, and in the next generation there will be no lack of men or of money for the great work of the world's evangelization.

Professor Bannister, of Evanston, contributes the next article on Mediation, showing that the Mediator was as necessary for the creation of the world as for the redemption of the fallen race. The article is fresh and readable, although it treats of a theme above the grasp of human reason. It contributes to the intense interest which is everywhere manifest in the discussion of the question of the person, character, and work of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The fifth paper, on Jephthah's Vow, is by Rev. S. M. Terry, of Poughkeepsie. The writer has an enviable reputation as a Hebraist, and is engaged in writing a commentary on several historical books of the Old Testament. The present article, and that on the Witch of Endor, in a former number, are specimens of his notes amplified into monographs. As first fruits offered on the altar of the Church, they give promise of a rich harvest in the forthcoming commentary.

The last article, on the position of Calvinism, is from a Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. R. Aikman. Being aggrieved at a statement in *The Methodist* that "the Arminian revolution of opinion has nearly eliminated Augustinian theology," he seeks the pages of the Quarterly to utter his decided protest, and at the same time, the editor is cheerfully inserted under condition that the editor may make "free but respectful annotations." These notes are "free and respectful," but terribly severe. They carry us back to the circuit-preaching in the red school-house, forty years ago, when the preacher, whatever his text, found a place to pummel unconditional election and reprobation. After reading the "annotations," we predict that the next application to define the position of Calvinism in *The Methodist Quarterly* will be after the election of a successor to the present editor. Acheson tells Demosthenes that he must either swear by new gods or find a different audience. Calvinism must find new facts, or a different annotator, if she wishes her statements to find credence.

In the synopsis of the Quarterlies, the dangerous political tendencies of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in contrast with the claim to be non-political, are conclusively proved by quotations from the *Southern Review*, published under the auspices of that Church. The rankest secession doctrines are unflinchingly published and gloried in, while Mr. Lincoln is denounced "a perjurer and a traitor" because he did not recognize the right of a State to secede. This *Review*, within seven years after the Confederate flag was hauled down before the thunder of the Federal artillery, and laid away, labeled, "the lost cause," has the brazen hardihood to assert that secession may some day be the issue of a down-trodden and insulted people, not crippled by war, who have the ability to maintain the position. In reply to such insolent threats from pardoned rebels, Dr. Whedon queries whether, "after such a second movement, Thaddeus Stevens would not dictate the terms of reconstruction from his grave." He then gives an extended history of his own efforts to offer the olive branch to Southern Methodism, and the scornful rejection of the overture.

The book notices are, as ever, instructive, discriminating, and piquant.

Sometimes, one death startles the community more than a casualty resulting in the loss of many lives. Scarcely a battle during our late war shocked the country more than the sudden death of the brave young Ellsworth. Now, amid all the late terrible providences attended with fatal results, the unexpected fall of one man bows all hearts with an oppressive sense of public loss, as no other event since the death of President Lincoln has done. Nature placed the unmistakable signs of greatness upon the form of Salmon Portland Chase; and a life of diligent study, and of active participation in public affairs, have secured to him a breadth of culture and an acknowledged intellectual supremacy, placing him in the first rank of statesmen and jurists. He falls in the hour of his ripe maturity, not from fullness of years, but from the exhaustion of a protracted period of excessive application to the most exacting labors. The reputation of Chief Justice Chase will grow upon the community, as his life is reviewed, now that he is no more a living actor upon the earth. As the history of the anti-slavery struggle is written up, and the story of the civil war is made familiar

in its governmental aspects, as well as in its heroic battles, the large and important space filled by this great man will come to be better apprehended. He gave the earliest hope to the friends of humanity and the limitation of the pro-slavery rule in our country, by his famous point, that slavery was strictly a local and State institution, and that Congress could give no expansion to it. This formed the basis of that great Republican party which saved the country in the fearful fight to sustain the principle. His firmness in the Senate; his resources and boldness at the head of the treasury, accomplishing perhaps more for us than even our armies during the war, (for without success here, we should have had no army), will give a radiance to his memory for all time in the history of the Republic. He felt the power of that temptation which has assailed the heart of all our noblest statesmen, and proved their rock of stumbling, such as Clay and Webster; which was a fatal trial to a weaker man, Mr. Greeley; but Mr. Chase soon recovered himself, and has honored what ought to be considered the sublimest seat in the gift of the nation—the head of its highest legal tribunal.

Mr. Chase was born in Cornish, N.H., Jan. 13, 1806. He graduated at Dartmouth College at the age of 18. He studied law in Washington, D.C., where he taught for his own support, and was admitted to the bar in the year of his majority. He entered upon practice in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1840 he became a Senator from that State; was Governor of Ohio in 1855; returned to the Senate in 1861; and on the 6th of March of the same year he was called into Mr. Lincoln's cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury; in 1864 was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. And now he is not, for God has taken him! How solemn the record of the last two weeks: James Brooks, of the House of Representatives, James L. Orr, our Minister to Russia, Judge Chase, and Oakes Ames! It is appointed unto man once to die!

MILK AND RUM.—Rev. Dr. Waugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission Conference, India, refers to the fact that the Hindus and Mohammedans almost universally concede the depravity of the race. Among illustrative examples he gives this from one of the chief men in Lucknow: "The sinfulness of man," said he, "is easy enough understood when we remember that in disposing of a good thing—for instance, milk—we have to carry it to men's doors; and when we wish to furnish that which is evil—that is, sell rum—we have but to open a shop, and they come to us. That is, 'continue the man,' we will make sacrifices to destroy ourselves, but none to help ourselves." The Hindu mind, Dr. Waugh stated, was keen, alert, critical, incisive. Preaching to them requires self-possession, good temper, and an ability to probe and answer the most subtle of objections.

THE WESTWARD EXODUS.—The West, by its fertility, its free homesteads, and its infinite demand for labor, and the fact also that since New England cannot raise her own bread-stuff, our mid-continental dwellers must, is constantly acting on the East with a larger and longer lever. Here is one secret of its rapid growth. It is forty years since the first white families entered Iowa. But no more than one third of its present population were born within its limits; and of its 1,200,000 to-day, about one half were born in some more eastern State. One sixth of the population of Iowa has come in to it from beyond the Atlantic.

Not one sixth of the population of Nebraska were born within its limits. More than 25,000 homesteaders and pre-emptors have filed claims in the land-office at Lincoln, a capital not yet six years old; and within the last three years, about 3000 settlers have bought farms on the land-grant to the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad on ten years' credit and six per cent. interest, and no installment of the principal due till the beginning of the fifth year; and then only one seventh.

The westward tidal wave was never so strong as to-day—but it will be stronger to-morrow. The stronger it grows, the more strength it has to grow stronger. Nor can it fail to wax still more mighty, till so many of the European millions have migrated that the density of population and the rate of wages shall have become well-nigh equalized on both sides of the Atlantic.

ARBITRATION VS. BLOODSHED.—Every lover of God, the great Father of our vast human brotherhood, must certainly rejoice over any and every indication of the good time coming, when peace measures shall supplant the horrible resort to arms for adjusting national grievances. To say nothing about the utter repugnance of the entire war system to our holy Christianity, must help on the happy consummation—the time when swords shall be made to do our ploughing, and spears our pruning. Said a most eminent Italian statesman to our own excellent Peace Secretary, Rev. Mr. Miles, in his late Continental mission, "We cannot bear the enormous burden of a standing army; there is no hope for Italy as long as the present war system prevails."

We hail the approaching meeting of national representatives, to be held next autumn, for influentially promoting this great and good work, with profoundest satisfaction, and trust that not only the prayers of God's people will be enlisted in its behalf, but that generous contributions will also flow into the treasury of the American Peace

Society in aid of the cause. With the endorsing names of such men as Gladstone, Schöps, Droun, d'Alby's, Viscount P. Injuba, and others of similar note and influence across the water, surely there need be nothing Utopian suspected even; and however much there remains to be done towards the realization of the grand ultimatum when the nations shall "learn war no more," such beginnings are undoubtedly auspicious enough to encourage the most timid.

Our ministers and people, we hope, will not overlook the fact that our discipline has not only sanctioned, but recommended, "THE SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE to be observed as 'Children's Day,' and that a collection be taken for the 'Children's Fund' of the Board of Education. This fund is for aiding meritorious Sunday school scholars in obtaining a more advanced education, and is now yielding the interest upon \$80,000. The noble object of assisting the hundreds among our young people who feel themselves divinely called to the ministry, will commend itself to every thoughtful Methodist, if not on the score of obligation (the true ground), certainly on that of sympathy. Is it, we often detect ourselves asking, generally understood that the Master is calling from our own Zion ONE THOUSAND every year? and that they came quite rarely from the ranks of the wealthy?

We pray you, therefore, brethren in the laity as well as the ministry, heed well this auspicious opportunity.

The Centennial of the First Methodist Annual Conference in America occurs on Sunday, July 13th. A large and influential Committee, composed of ministers and laymen residing in Philadelphia and vicinity, have arranged to hold the first general meeting in honor of the event, in St. George's Church in Philadelphia—the same building where the Conference met in 1783! During the three following days special services will be held at various points in the city, and addresses on historic and denominational points will be delivered.

EMBURY MONUMENT.—Every Methodist should feel a deep interest in the erection of a monument over the remains of Philip Embury, the founder of American Methodism. The design is to erect and dedicate such a memorial the present year, inasmuch as the year 1873 is the centennial anniversary of the death of Embury. Surely, no one can object to contributing at least fifty cents towards such a laudable object. Send in your subscription, no matter how small it may be, to Rev. J. L. Boskerick, the Treasurer, No. 632 Hudson street, New York. Let every Methodist respond at once.

The Fifteenth National Camp-meeting will be held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 26th to July 5th—ten days. The State Fair Grounds, one mile from the city, have been engaged, with seating capacity for many thousands under cover, and two large halls for social meetings. Ground for tent-holders secured, and tents erected, on application to Rev. S. H. Henderson, Cedar Rapids.

A PLEASANT SUMMER RETREAT.—We learned last week from Brother J. Wellman, the popular caterer for some years past at the Sterling Camp-ground, that he proposes opening the boarding-hall there on or before July 1, to accommodate those who may wish with board.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness." The terrible storm of the last session seemed to pass over Mr. Oakes Ames without disturbing his equanimity of mind. No one acquainted with him can doubt that, according to his own standard of right and duty, he stood without a stain upon his conscience for any act he had performed in furtherance of the interests of the Pacific Railroad, and felt himself to be rather a great public benefactor, and a sufferer through the weakness and follies of others, than one who had in the slightest degree trespassed upon the honor of a legislator. Judged by the average measure of public men, probably there are few in the country of more rigid and pronounced personal probity than Oakes Ames. But with all his conscious rectitude of action, and with the readily proffered sympathy and expressed confidence of his local constituents, he felt keenly the position into which he was drawn by the committee's report, the discussion in the House, and the criticisms of the public press. He has long borne the burden of a chronic infirmity, but this weakened his vital energy, and he sank rapidly into his grave. His successful business career, his many and generous dealings in all commercial transactions, and with his many workmen, his undoubted perseverance in bringing to a successful termination one of the greatest and most daring enterprises of the day, will now be remembered to his honor, while the ungrateful shadows that fell upon his last hours will gradually fade away. How singular and sad these early and sudden deaths of the prominent actors in the late Congressional disorders—James Brooks, and now Hon. Oakes Ames!

James Stuart Mill, the distinguished reviewer of positivism, one of the leading thinkers of the age without doubt, falling, through the darkness of the highest human wisdom, to find a personal God as a present comforter, but full of humane and beneficent purposes, a leader in social science, and a man of the noblest intellect, has now passed the boundary of human life, and is amid the solemn revelations of the spiritual world. How many fixed stars and brilliant suns in the world's literary system have been moved out of their earthly orbits within the past few years! Men die, but God lives; and men live when they die!

Looking over the circulars prepared by the Secretary of the New England Education Society, we heartily commend them to the attention of all those to whom they are addressed. Give them a second reading, and then act upon the suggestions they contain. The combined action of New England Methodism will make this society a mighty power for good. Let every minister and layman give heed to the circulars.

A committee appointed for the purpose a few weeks ago, by the Boston Præbiterian Meeting, consisting of Revs. Dr. Warren Dr. Patten, Dr. B. K. Peirce, W. F. Mallalieu, and A. McKee, is arranging to hold a series of Educational Meetings at various centers in New England, with a view to awaken a general interest and enthusiasm on the subject of higher education. The demands for educated talent are numerous and imperative. In our own denomination especially, the call is urgent from every quarter. Posts of usefulness and honor invite occupancy. Our promising, talented young people, must have their attention turned to these advantageous positions.

The first two meetings are to be held early in June, at Worcester and Lowell, lasting only a day each, with short, sharp, exercises. A most interesting programme of practical themes, treated by some of our ablest educators and preachers, has been arranged. During the day, short papers, carefully prepared, will be read, to be followed by free discussion, and in the evening several popular addresses. We bespeak for the conventions not only a rousing turn-out in the cities where they are held but also a large attendance from the surrounding towns, of those susceptible young minds in whose history it would probably form a most auspicious epoch.

PRIZE ESSAYS. BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL.—The committee, comprising Hon. George S. Hillard, Dean of the Faculty, Hon. Charles Theodore Russell, and Hon. Edward L. Pierce, appointed to examine the essays presented in competition for a prize offered by the Dean for the finest essay upon the subject, "Caveat Emptor," have decided to award two first prizes to Andrew Otis Evans, A. B., of Boston, and David Kemper Watson, A. B., of London, Ohio. Mr. Evans graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1870, and is at present in the office of Messrs. Brooks & Ball, the eminent counsel-at-law of this city. Mr. Watson is a graduate of Dickinson College. Immediately after the announcement by the Dean, it was voted that the prize essays be read before the members of Law School.

The Bazaar is a great success every way. In addition to the fine and apparently inexhaustible stores of home and foreign articles, useful and beautiful for sale, and the always interesting spectacle of the various nationalities, represented in dwelling, dress and voices, and the widely-varied illustrations of oriental customs, it is a great success as to the number of visitors thronging the hall, and the amount of money taken at the door and at the different tables. Everybody should visit it. It is worth a long journey to the city to see its strange devices. We do not wonder that Eastern countries are in good demand; we have tasted it, thanks to the Executive Committee!

We are happy to learn the fact that more of our large-hearted brethren co-operated in the consummation of the new Brooklyn church enterprise than we expected last week by us. The church was purchased by J. H. Chadwick, E. D. Winslow, and Eben Tourje; and Brother Isaac Cooper and Brother Harrington joined them at the time of making the payment.

The people of Boston Highlands will have an opportunity this (Thursday) evening of hearing the Hampton Students, whose remarkable singing has so charmed audiences wherever they have given concerts. They are to appear in the Winthrop Street Church, and the balance of the proceeds, after paying their own expenses, goes to the branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of that Church. This, we believe, will be the only opportunity afforded the people of the Highlands of hearing these sweet singers.

A large and animated meeting was held on Monday, at 12 o'clock, at the Metropolitan Hotel, at which the citizens of Boston upon the administration of the liquor law, and to approve of forms of petitions to the city government to secure a powerful, positive, and faithful execution of the statute. The temperance sentiment of the community is being widely aroused in view of the present opportunity to enter upon a successful crusade against liquor-selling.

We learn that Rev. Pily Wood has received the appointment of Commissioner to the Exposition at Vienna, from the Governor and Council of our State. He started Tuesday, in the Hecla, with his face toward the Viennese. We shall hope to hear something from him for our readers.

The fourth annual report of the Boston Missionary and Tract Extension Society of our Church has just been received, and too late for anything more than to note that it is a neat and creditable document of over 30 pages.

BIBLICAL "WINE."—Our friend, Prof. Holton has long insisted that *divined grape juice* figured in Oriental cooking before the introduction of sugar, and that David's "Flagon" (2 Sam. vi. 19) were cakes of it. Just such cakes are now seen on Miss Wood's table in the Syrian room at the Bazaar.

## GLEANINGS OF THE WEEK.

What an honest pride in the prohibitory principle must have been felt by the Chief Magistrate of New Bedford recently, on retiring from a three years' mayoralty of that city. During two years of the time, being under prohibition, real estate advanced 20 per cent., criminal legislation was diminished, and not only the public order and quiet, but the business interests of the city were greatly promoted in every direction. But how sad it is to hear Mayor Richmond say in his closing address, "Since the city vote in May last, legalizing ale and beer, the criminal statistics of the police court have doubled." These are the shield to cover the stealthy sale of all intoxicating drinks."—F. O. J. Smith, of Maine, has recovered a verdict in a seventeen years' suit against Ezra Cornell, of New York, amounting to \$32,000, with costs amounting to \$20,000 more. This suit grew out of contracts of Smith with Cornell for constructing telegraph lines in New York and other States. The great fortune of Cornell, by which he was enabled to endow the University with these contracts, was amassed in part, from these contracts, and the Morse patents. So says *Zion's Advocate*.—The United States Supreme Court, in a recent case of collision at sea, held that steamers approaching sailing vessels must watch their course with the utmost diligence, in order to such timely measures of precaution as shall preclude collision. Even faults of sailors will not absolve steamers suffering themselves to come into dangerous proximity, the steamer being held chargeable with damages resulting.—The District Court in Trenton, N. J., (apparently the above item), Judge Nixon presiding, charged the grand jury concerning obscene publications, medical advertisements, etc., that they indict all who are found using post-offices or mails for such traffic in the State. Now let the rest of the judges follow suit. — *La Capitale*, an Italian free-thinking journal, in referring to the

late second anniversary of the Society in Rome, enthusiastically meeting against the triumph of the court.

—After these most most superhuman and intense interminable term of the Supreme Court, Judges Brady, Day, Wednesday morning decision denying to news was brought to the reception-room of his father. — The Britton thanks the thought impossibly of the victor of Andrew, who presided at the representing himself in his decision also—had come to be regarded as the victor of the victor. — On July 10th, Conference of Methodist in Philadelphia, on the 15th of the following days a mass meeting in Philadelphia, formal farewell of the Western Christian, which, highly commended, was unanimously adopted. The Bishop had been absent in Cincinnati, and had come in our midst. Louisiana matters are loyal men in the State should be recognized soon settled their "Blood and Iron" lived in great credit by the justly America on Thursday. Only two deaths from last week. — Mr. Russian Court, Edinburgh, just one week of his fifty-first year. The climate was much for Americans. American diplomat Russian capital in the game being the other. Rev. Theodore S. girl under eighteen, shared herself to be credited by the justly has been allowed, and another minister added to the long list. New Jersey law, powerful testimony of the Pentateuch in the number of Eg which are wholly in Moses." He adds, that any Hebrew of the Exodus to the have had the knowledge possessed without any explanation of their meaning, had readers would be surprised. — It is singular that the cabinet only yesterday. Secretary of the Secretary of War-St. of the Interior Smith of the Treasury President General Bates is expected to be the next. General Lincoln is dead. after in connection with the application for the steamers for May, J. made, amounting to station has been made. Milwaukee, her people exceedingly cordial to *The State*. Denmark has formed son, of the Michigan named a newly-discovered daughter, the Prince's revival in Salem, the sister-in-law, was converted, and she is now a zealous Episcopalian. She killed Mr. Sackett, member, and who had dodge, received sentence, field, last Monday. fixed by the Governor, Justice who have died youngest. He was almost a quarter of one of the most celebrated. — Bismarck's power in Germany, going through the Diet by a large majority. Cheap Transportation the 7th, in New York of Boston, was there a good prospect will be burned out. has been sentenced. hanged on next Friday should interfere. A of proceedings failed on Saturday, of the plexy, of Captain H. Arctic Exploring place in the cabin of 1871, among the officers and crew, enthusiastic efforts penetrated to latitude occurred August 10th turning his noble vessel. Mr. Bates was members of the expedition crew like, but some scientific world also.

## The Methodist

## MAINE CONFERENCE.

The forty-ninth session was opened at Sebec, Maine, Wednesday, May 8, 9 o'clock. Bishop, The sacrament of the administered by the Bishops, to 156 communicants. The Conference was singing the 70th Psalm the 10th chapter of the Bishop. Rev. J. J. was and C. J. Clark was tary. The roll of the and 62 members re. The death of F. May 10, 1872, was The first question was announced the Zimmerman, had e transferred. The eighth question, John Collins absent, their case of C. C. W.







## GIFTS IN SLEEP.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.  
He gives to His beloved while they sleep."

Our sweet boy-baby had a gift.  
A canton-damned rabbit white;  
By day, by night, awake, asleep,  
It evermore was his delight.

Beauty and use could not agree;  
It lost its whiteness more and more;  
It lost its tail; it lost its ears;  
He loved it better than before.

And still the grimy little heap  
He tucked beneath his dainty chin;  
And still to bed without his pet,  
Was sure to brew a dreadful din.

Nightly we found his rosy cheek  
Against his mother's breast pressed,  
A voice was passed: "When Christmas came  
He should of it be dispossessed."

And in its place, at dead of night,  
Another should be slyly placed,  
With coat of down as snowy white  
As a wee rabbit ever graced.

The deed was done. Not without tears  
We took the dear old pet away,  
And wrapped it up and marked it plain,  
To keep against some distant day.

When, haply, to some boy or girl  
He might the frothy relic show,  
For proof that he was true in love  
Some five and twenty years ago.

Where lay the old we laid the new,  
And waited for the Christmas morn,  
As wait a hundred million hearts  
For the dear time when Christ was born.

It came at length, and baby woke,  
To clutch his precious *liebling* fast;  
It was the same, yet not the same!  
His squallor with the night had passed!

He looked, at first, with dubious face,  
But soon resolved that all was right;  
So cuddled it the livelong day,  
And pressed it to his cheek at night.

And then I thought, "Tis writ, 'He gives  
To his beloved while they sleep.'  
And deeper meanings found me out  
While lay my boy in slumber deep."

Children of larger growth, God gives  
To us His gifts from the night show,  
His gifts of thought, His gifts of will,  
And how we fritter them away!

We soil them like the baby's pet;  
We grovel with them in the mire;  
And then we slumber, while we sleep,  
Sing heavenly voices, "Come up higher."

New every morn, fresh every eve,  
The promise runs and faileth not;  
When we awake we are with Him,  
Whose promises are never forgot.

From weary mind and conscience dim  
Sleep clears the blurring mist away;  
We may have erred, we may have sinned,  
But life is new with every day.

He giveth His beloved sleep;  
O' joy to troubled hearts and sore!  
And while they sleep O' deeper joy!  
He giveth them strength to reach that shore  
Whence they may never wander more.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, May 25.

LESSON VIII. Joseph sends for his father.

TOPIC: Light in the dwelling of the righteous.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice." Prov. xxiii. 24.

1. From poverty to plenty.  
2. Gifts of love.  
3. Good news from a far country.  
4. Fainting and reviving.

## Notes on Genesis xiv.

BY F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

JOSEPH'S MESSAGE TO HIS FATHER.  
Joseph invites his father to come and settle in Goshen, apparently before consulting Pharaoh upon the matter, trusting to his influence with the king to secure this favor. Goshen was on the north-eastern frontier of Egypt, bordering upon the desert, the part of the country nearest to Canaan, east of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It was well adapted to a pastoral people, being fertilized by artificial irrigation through canals from the Nile, and by wells from which the water is raised by wheels. The surface being less elevated than the rest of the land, it is more easily irrigated. There are here at present more flocks and herds, and also more fishermen, than in any other part of Egypt, so that at the present day, as in the time of Joseph, it is reckoned as "the best of the land" (Robinson, I. 55).

V. 12. My mouth is speaking to you in our native language. Before this he had spoken to them in the Egyptian language, through an interpreter, but now, when he had "counsel all his heart to his brethren, that he might open all his heart to his brethren, he cried to them in Hebrew, "I am Joseph!" It was the sound of their native tongue, in this land of strangers, from the lips of the grand vizier of Egypt, that rolled back the years in the memory of the brethren more than anything that he said.

V. 13. After that (he had kissed and wept over them) his brethren talked with him. They were so stunned and bewildered that they could not utter a word till his tears washed out their terrors.

Besides, Joseph kindly and ingeniously makes them sharers in his glory, bidding them exult in it with family pride; and yet shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen.

PHARAOH'S INVITATION AND COMMAND.  
V. 16. It was good in the eyes of Pharaoh. The grateful esteem in which Joseph was held, made everything good that interested him, and the discovery that the Hebrew slave belonged to a family that was not unknown at the court of the Pharaoh's (chap. xli.) was also pleasing. The "good" and the "fat" of the land were now freely laid at the disposal of the family of Joseph. This is simply a general expression for the choice things of Egypt.

V. 19. Now thou art commanded. There is a beautiful kindness and courtesy here shown on the part of Pharaoh, in passing from the language of invitation to that of command, where Joseph's personal interest is concerned. Take ye wagons, of which there were probably none in Palestine; carts, two wheeled vehicles which could easily pass through the roadless desert. The modern Egyptian cart has two solid wheels, but carts with spoked wheels are represented in the monuments. Linné, oxen, and in verse 18, "houses," i. e., households, their dependents, servants, amounting probably to several hundreds, are included in the invitation.

V. 20. Be not troubled about your household goods that you cannot move, for their place shall be made good. People who move frequently can appreciate this anxiety. Israhel came into Egypt by free invitation, and perhaps the sacred historian amplifies in detail here, so as to show that Israel was as free to depart afterwards.

V. 22. Changes of Raiment, suits of clothing, a common present among the wealthy and noble in Eastern countries. Three hundred (shekels of) silver, weighed and not coined, about nine and a half pounds avoirdupois.

V. 23. Ten asses laden with good things of Egypt, choice Egyptian goods, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread and (prepared) food, choice preserves, delicacies (Clarke) suited to an old man's appetite.

These presents to his aged father were in princely profusion, as was fitting the rank of the highest subject of Pharaoh, calculated to impress Jacob unmistakably with the reality of the romantic story which the brethren were to carry back to their father; yet as Jacob was immediately to leave home he could really use but a small part of this provision.

V. 24. Do not fall out by the way; do not accuse one another of guilt, and so fall into unbrotherly contention. It was natural that in talking over this strange history each should seek to clear himself of blame. Three several times Joseph tells them that God had overruled their sin for good to all the family, and tenderly endeavors to alleviate thus the sorrow of their repentance.

THE RETURN TO CANAAN.  
V. 26. The news is too great for the aged Jacob to believe. And his heart grew chill in doubt. Hope and joy were warm; doubt and despair a chill (Lewis).

V. 27. But as they went on with the details of the story, the circumstances gradually convinced him, but the decisive thing mentioned is the sight of the wagons, the Egyptian carts which never appeared in Canaan, probably were never seen by him before.

V. 28. And ISRAEL said, Enough; Joseph, my son, still lives. The change of name from Jacob to Israel is significant here. It is the patriarch who was heir of the great promises made to Abraham, the channel of the covenant mercies to the world, who now sets out upon this eventful journey which commences a new stage in the fortunes of the covenant people. It is the prince of God who recognizes the finger of Providence.

Berean Lesson, VII. 2d Quarter.  
Good Thoughts.  
(Supplementary.)

1. What can you say of Judah's speech, preceding this lesson?  
2. How can you account for Joseph's uncontrollable feeling just now?  
3. What is meant by "could not refrain himself?"  
4. What part had he been acting till now?  
5. Did he state any untruth, or only withhold truth for a time?  
6. Is it ever unreasonable to speak the whole truth?  
7. What habit of weeping can you mention among Asiatics?  
8. Is it probable that the brothers have, as yet, even thought of Joseph?  
9. When Joseph disclosed himself, is there anything like the appearance of his former severity?  
10. What noble traits of character does he show in verse 5?  
11. What, in the treatment of his brothers now, resembles God's treatment of converted sinners?  
12. In what sense did God send him into Egypt?  
13. In what sense did his brothers not send him?  
14. Was their guilt lessened by the results of the transaction?  
15. What traits of character does Joseph exhibit in attributing his success to God, and apologizing for his brothers?

THE FAMILY.  
A CHANGE OF THE MOON.

A plain, clever man is my neighbor Gray, And we often take counsel together; He lives in a farm-house over the way, And is kind in respect to the weather; He watches all signs, night, morning, and noon, But puts his great faith on a change of the moon.

In the dull, drizzly May, when the signs were all bad, And day after day it kept raining; When the farmers were sad, and the women were woe, And all the wide world was complaining; Farmer Gray went on piping the very same tune, "It will never clear off till a change of the moon."

I admired his great faith, for the east wind blew strong From icebergs and flocks of the ocean; The moon had changed three times, while the storm kept on, And my neighbor still stuck to his notion; At length it cleared up, near the coming of June, Two days and a half from a change of the moon.

In the long summer drought, when the springs had run dry, Not a sign of a rain-cloud appearing, Neighbor Gray, who knew the wherefore and why, Spoke out, and his accents were cheering: "We are bound to have different weather For to-morrow, you know, there's a change of the moon."

I sit by his fire, on a sharp winter night, When the glass below zero is ranging; My neighbor instructs me with honest delight, (For his faith in the moon is unchanging), That a thaw will set in by Saturday noon, For just at that time comes a change of the moon.

Heat and cold, wet and dry, or whatever the grief, Under which our poor earth may be lying, Neighbor Gray knows the source whence must come our relief; No use of this growling and sighing; As soon as he needs that a change will come soon; "We must wait, my dear friends, till a change of the moon."

He cares not a jot for the college or school, And passes his evenings untroubled; Still he holds by the old philosophical rule, To name no more causes than needed; And as soon as enough, the rest let us prize, And make all things proceed from a change of the moon.

THE LITTLE CAMP.  
BY ANNA WARNER.  
CHAPTER IV.  
(Continued.)

The road did not belie its first promise. It went steeply up the mountain, rounding it a little, but very steep indeed; as heavy a pitch as horses could work upon. Very rough it was under foot, too; it had never been used enough to beat or break it into a little smoothness. Rather the feet of the horses and the drag of the timbers and trees hauled down, had cut and ploughed it. All that could be said was, that it was a way, an open one, and on the whole practicable; whereas the rest of the mountain was a wilderness of rock and wood, and undergrowth, where undergrowth had room; for in places the smooth granite made a straight up-and-down wall, that gave nothing but lichen any chance, except perhaps a tuft of bracken here and there. Little could be seen of this from the road-way, for along that slope the trees grew close, and the underbrush was thick and luxuriant. So the party were shielded in great measure from the heat of the sun. But that did not hinder it from being stiflingly hot.

There was no air. The leaves hung motionless on the trees; not a twig stirred. The birds were hushed. No shadows came over. And the strain upon the hill was toilsome and incessant. Even the little feet went slowly at last; and the elder kept a very gentle, though steady rate of motion. Down below them, the two men hauled upon the sled ropes, and stopped often to pant and to wipe their dripping faces.

"Uncle Eden," said Esther, in a subdued tone of voice, "where is the top of the road?"

"Somewhere above us, Essie, as yet."

"Uncle Eden," broke out Fenton, who had been very steadily plodding upward with his basket, "what is the use of mountains?"

"You would like it better if all the world were flat meadows?"

Fenton considered that proposition. "No sir—I don't think I should."

"Then one purpose of mountains, it seems, is to give us pleasure."

"But they have no other use, have they?"

"Let us sit down," said Mr. Murray; "to climb a mountain and philosophize about it, are too much at once in such weather!"

So they clustered about him, making seats of such stones and rocks as they could find. Below they could hear the grating of the sled over the stones and gravel, as the laborious effort of the two men drew it upward; but nothing was in sight. Nothing, that is, but trees close by, and through the stems of another sloping green hillside that rose on the opposite side of a narrow valley to the north. Powerful sunlight out there; in a woody road a chequered and shaded portion of the same. Flushed faces; tired feet; baskets willingly deposited on the ground.

"Is there any water hereabouts, uncle Eden?" asked Fenton.

"Not a drop, till we get to the top of the mountain. You must wait, my boy."

"Well, what is the use of mountains, anyhow?" said Fenton, disconsolately.

"That," said Mr. Murray.

"What, sir?"

"Water. The supply of water, I mean."

"Why, you say there is none up here."

"Just at this spot. And but for mountains and hills there would be none on the low ground. None, that is, except oceans and lakes, and here and there a sluggish river, perhaps."

"There would be brooks and springs?"

"No, there wouldn't."

"Why not, sir?"

"Surface springs come through a crooked channel from some reservoir higher than themselves. And a brook that can't run down hill—what is it?"

"A pond?"

"You must have a hollow for a pond. No, it loses itself and becomes a marsh."

"But Uncle Eden, ground might be higher in one place than in another, without having a hill."

"It might; but without hills and mountains you could not have the beginnings of springs and brooks. Rain would fall equally on the whole country, and be drained off or dried off, according to the soil and surface, pretty equally; and there would be the end of it."

"And what do the mountains do?"

"Stop the clouds and catch the rain, in greater quantity than elsewhere, in the first place; and then, the rapid drainage soon fills reservoirs and sends streams down to the low country."

Fenton turned this over in his mind, and Esther looked with new respect at the opposite hill.

"Do you think everything is good for something, sir?"

"I am convinced of it. In most cases, good for a great many things."

"What is the use of snakes?" I saw one just now."

"In talking with you, Fenton, I am reminded of the wise man's caution about the beginning of strife; it is 'as one leeth out water'—difficult to stop when once set a going. However, I should say, that the use of snakes is to show us how sin looks in God's sight."

"How?" said Fenton.

"Ugly—cunning—mean—venomous—insinuating—deadly."

"So we ought to kill sin as we kill snakes?"

"Can't I?" said Fenton.

"No."

"Then I am not to blame for what I can't help," said Fenton again, straightening himself up.

Mr. Murray laughed again.

"The snake's head showed itself there, Fenton; insinuating, and wily, in defense of evil. You cannot help doing wrong, just for this reason: that you are not willing to help it."

"Yes sir, but I am willing."

"Till the temptation comes. Are you willing then?"

Some recent experience, it seemed, closed the lips of Fenton; but Esther, who had listened narrowly, now spoke.

"I know that's true. Then how are we to do, Uncle Eden?"

"I think he is whispering to you."

The girls tittered, but Fenton flushed and answered rather hotly.

"Why, sir?"

"I think he suggested to you just then that he was not exactly a conquered enemy, but abroad and doing his will."

"Well, isn't he?" said Fenton rather doggedly.

"Yes, in his own dominions he is; but those who belong to the Great King are out of his power."

"Who is in his power, Uncle Eden?"

Esther asked. "Wicked people, I suppose."

"Everybody, Essie; everybody; except those whom the Great King has set free and brought under His own power."

"Me, Uncle Eden?" said Essie wistfully. And Mr. Murray looked at the little face and did not answer for a moment.

"When any one comes to Jesus and begins in good earnest to follow Him, Essie, one of the things that are true about him is this: that he is turned 'from the power of Satan to God; brought 'out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.'"

"And till they are brought into that kingdom, they are all in the other?"

"Yes."

"Then why does God let the devil be about?" Josie asked with curiosity.

"I do not know. Perhaps that the soldiers of Jesus may have some work to do for Him and some fighting, and that they may know the blessedness of their deliverance and the greatness of their Deliverer. But it is only for a time. By and by Satan will be cast out and put down forever."

"I don't like religion," said Josie.

"Why not?" Mr. Murray asked gravely.

"It isn't interesting. Mamma thinks so too."

"I am afraid you have looked at it from the wrong side. Do you think we can take the rest of this hill now?"

The sled had caught up with them, and they all arose to resume their struggling climb of the wood road. The way did not grow easy as they went on; rather it roughened. The road became less marked towards its upper end. Sometimes there was a confusion of cut branches, lying as they had been lopped from the trees. It was very troublesome getting through these; but as Mr. Murray remarked, they would furnish fuel with little more labor than the fetching. At last the woods ahead seemed to thin out; light shewed through, and blue sky; and in a little more, the headmost of the party, who were Fenton and Esther, emerged upon the open mountain top.

"Hollo!" cried Fenton, throwing up his cap, "it's glorious! And it ain't hot a bit up here."

"O Aunt Patty!" Esther cried, "it's so pretty!"

Both declarations proved to be true. Getting out from the shelter of the woods, the party stood at the outer border of a broad open space, the whole brood of the mountain, in fact, from which already wide distant look-outs over the distant lower country began to be discerned. As they moved on, to higher ground, away from the hindering veil of trees, these look-outs opened into a great panorama which seemed to take in the whole lower world. And now the great heights were left behind. The air which gently stirred, up here, was pleasant and fresh; and the sun had lost his fierce power. The whole party gladly sat down to rest upon some slabs of lichen-grown rock. All that, is, except Fenton.

"What is the first thing to be done?" asked that young gentleman.

"Get cool—and then keep so," said his uncle. "How delicious the air is!"

"As soft as satin," said Mrs. Ponsbury. "And yet there is life in it too."

"Uncle Eden," said Esther, "I never saw the sky so large."

"You never saw so much of it at once."

"What's that shining away down there? Is it water? It looks like water. Away down yonder among those far-off hills."

"That is Haverstraw bay, or Tappan sea; I don't know which; a good many miles off."

"And what blue mountains are up yonder? Are those the Catskills?"

"Those are the Catskills."

"And this is Buttermilk Conny at our feet," said Mrs. Ponsbury. "How lovely those receding shades of green are, Eden. I can count seven."

"The furthest off is blue, Aunt Patty," said Esther. "O, I'm so glad we're here!"

(To be Continued.)

A SKETCH.

MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." What an inexpressible comfort there is in this expression of King David's (if comfort there is at all, such a time), as we gather around the coffin of some beloved one, to look for the last time on the sweet, pale face whose loving smiles had gladden us no more in life, and to whisper the long and sorrowful farewell. Although the coffin-lid, and the clouds of the valley may hide them now from our sight, yet it will not be forever, for "we shall go to them;" yes, in the "Sweet bye and bye" we shall meet again, and link once more the tender ties so rudely severed by the cruel hand of death.

To those who are deprived of this sweet consolation, and especially those who disclaim all knowledge of, or belief in the blessed truths of God's holy Word, with what horrors must the

thought of death, the grave, and the solemn hereafter, come.

I have met with one such person in my brief experience with the things of life, and only one, thank God! and I would that one were wanting.

I am reminded of that sad experience, by the soft, sweet winds that are blowing in at window and door; by the springing grass, and flowers, and the tender tinge of green that each tree and bush is putting on, as well as the merry bursts of song that are floating down from forest and hill-top; for it was just such a glad, sweet day as this, in the pleasant April weather, that I went, with a party of my schoolmates, to the home of one of the fairest and brightest of our number, where, in a dimly lighted and silent chamber, she lay cold and white, and robed for the grave.

I distinctly remember with what a dull, and pain at my heart I stood and gazed at that beautiful head, with its wealth of golden curls, resting so silently upon the pillow; and upon that once lovely countenance so sadly marred by the chilling touch of death; not alone, that she had gone out from among us and never to return; and how we should miss and mourn her sweet presence from our studies and our pleasures, for many a many a day; but that "into the silent land" she had gone without expressing one desire or one hope with regard to the fate that awaited her there.

O, whither has she gone? again, and yet again I asked myself. Does that crown of golden curls wear an added lustre reflected from the brightness of the crown of life? and is that lovely face illuminated by the glory that falls from the gates of pearl and the jasper walls; or, in those "regions of sorrow where peace and rest can never dwell, and hope never comes," is she sadly wandering now? Her parents were persons of wealth, culture and refinement, but were not religious; and, although they had furnished their beautiful and idolized daughter with almost every comfort that life could offer, they had not once, during the seventeen bright years that God loaned her to them, broken to her the bread of life; and although she was fasting for months, and they knew that she must die, yet, they steadfastly prohibited all mention of death in her presence.

"Helen," said her mother, "needs no preparation for death; her life has been a sinless one; then why should she be disturbed by thoughts of an unknown future?"

"There is no hereafter," said her father, who scoffed at the idea of a God, and an eternity, "let her die peacefully, if she must die." So, down to the "valley of shadows" she went, unheeded by a sweet hymn of praise, and unsoftened by a prayer of trust and love.

"Alas, alas," cried that stricken and unbelieving father, as he turned away from the grave, where "mid sweet perfumes and flowers they had laid her, died tenderly to rest, "my beloved and loving child has gone, and forever; and I may not go to her, for there is no life, no hereafter, no hope beyond the grave. That beautiful body will soon be dust, and that beautiful spirit, in which I took such delight, will likewise return to dust. O, thought most terrible! O, where can I go for comfort? To whom shall I turn for consolation?"

Most truly has Richter said, no one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of a God.

Whether, light and peace ever came to that darkened, troubled soul I know not; but I trust that "in that valley of trouble there was found a door for hope;" hope in the love and promises of the blessed Redeemer, and that from the grave of that beloved daughter he could look up smiling amid his tears, and sing:—

"Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet me'er to sever;  
Soon will peace wrath her chain  
Round us forever.  
There kindred spirits dwell,  
There shall our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel,  
Never, no never."

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

BY MRS. W. V. MORRISON.

A dear old lady looked into our house, one morning, and asked, did you know Sister R. was sick? I did not, and she continued: Yes, she is sick and wants to see you; so I told her I would step in on my way home and let you know. That afternoon found me by the bedside of Sister R. She welcomed me, and then said, I have something I want to tell you. It seems as though it would relieve my burdened heart to tell some friend what I suffer.

While my father lived, she began, we had a competency, but he died suddenly when I was so young that I have no recollection of him, and on settling the estate it was found but little remained for my mother and her two children. Mother's health was always delicate, but she and my brother worked cheerfully for our support, and as we had been separated for a few months after father's death, they were always rejoicing that we could be together again as a little family. Morning and evening the income of grateful hearts rose from our family altar; and although we were often in straitened circumstances, we were a happy family.

When I was only fifteen years of age I first met Horace R. From the first, mother opposed our acquaintance. She admitted he was temperate, industrious, and moral in his habits, but she said he had no religious principle, and warned me against a more intimate acquaintance. But I was infatuated; I would not heed her advice, or regard her prayers; and in less than a year we were married. My husband was kind

to me, but so bitter was his feeling against church members, ministers, and every body that made any pretension to piety, that for years, to please him, I never entered a church or attended a religious meeting of any kind. But I was not at peace. Oftentimes I feared to go to sleep, lest I should awake in the eternal world. I did not dare to pray in his presence, and I feared to do so at any time lest he should discover me.

At length, one who knew my mother came to my house, and in answer to earnest solicitation I promised to attend the services of the church, at least occasionally. God knows how much I desired to go. The next Sabbath found me cowering in my seat in the church. I can never tell you with what emotions I listened to that sermon; but I went from that house resolved, let what would be the consequence, I would serve God.

On my return home a perfect storm of reproach, scorn, and derision was heaped upon me by my husband. The next Sabbath I went again, and the same scene was enacted on my return home. I prayed much, and the Lord helped me, or I never could have borne up under my trials at that time. I continued to go to church. My health was feeble then, as it is now. I shall never be well in this world, and I do not pray the Father to lengthen out my days.

After a time my husband ceased his persecutions, and I went to the house of God in peace, till one day, when I told him I intended to be baptized the following Sabbath. He forbade me, and even said, should I persist in this, we must part. This was Saturday, and the following day I went to church more dead than alive. I do not know how I went through the ceremony. My heart was almost paralyzed with fear lest my husband should come and take me forcibly away.

When I returned home, he neither greeted me by word or look. Hours passed, and he seemed to ignore my very existence. It seemed more than I could endure, and I implored him to speak to me. He then said I had made a fool of myself, and disgraced







## Church and Tower Clocks.

The latest advices from Louisiana are more favorable.

Port au Prince has been visited by a destructive conflagration.

Hayes, the Arctic explorer, thinks that Capt. Hall was murdered.

A large fire occurred at Whitefield, N. H., Saturday. Loss \$40,000.

The Modocs have left the lava beds, and a guerilla warfare has begun.

The excitement is great, and no effort

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